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R. P. BUCKLAND. [HONER EVERETT.]
And my poor heart beat quick, for oh! I saw

Seemed stretched out to protect thy lovely girl, I marked a figure stealing thence away, And my poor heart beat quick, for oh! I saw January let, 1852. CHESTER EDGERTON: Attorney and Counsellor at Law, And Selicitorin Chancery, will carefully attend to all professional business left in his charge. He will also attend to the collection of claims &c., in bis and adjoining counties.

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RESPECTFULLY tenders professional services the natural teeth, or the insertion of artificial teeth on pivot, gele or silver plate, done in the neatest muoner. He is in possession of the latest improvements now in use, consequently he flatters himself that he is prepared to render entire satisfaction to those who may desire his aid in any branch of the

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and adjacent country. ORFICE, as ormerly, on Frontstreet, oppo site Deal's new building. Fremont, Nov. 23, 1850 .- 37

## FREMONT JOURNAL.

No Sacrifice of Principles.

VOLUME I.

our young readers may profit by reading

Why didst thou leave me thus? Had memory

No chain to bind thee to me, lone and wrecked In spirit as I am? Was there no spell

Of power in my deep yearning love to stir The sleeping fountain of thy foul, and keep My image trembling there? Is there no charm

In strong and high devotion such as mine To win thee to my side once more? Must I

Be cast forever off for brighter forms And gayer smiles? Alas! I love thee still,

Of purple, gold and crimson that flits o'er

The western sky recalls some by gone joy, That we have shared together, and my soul

As here I sit In loneliners, the thought comes o'er my heart

How side ly side in moonlight eves, while soft The rose winged hours were fitting by, we sto Beside that clear and gently murmuring fount

O'erhung with wild and blooming vines, and felt The spirit of a holy leve below Our hearts' own budding blossoms. And there I

There thou didst twine a wreath of sweetest flow-

Beside me lies a bud, a little bud Thou gav'st me in that glad, bright summer time

To shine amid my dark brown locks, and now

Telling me 'twas the emblem of a hope, That seen would burst to glorious life within

Our spirit's garden. The poor fragile bod Is now all pale and withered, and the hope

Is faded in my lonely breast, and cast Forever forth from thins.

They tell me too,

To light it with the olden glow. Life's dreams And visions all have died within my soul,

And I am sad and lone and desolate; And yet at times when I behold thee near, A something like the dear old feeling stirs

To bloom a moment there, and cast around, its sweet and gentle fragrance, but anon

It vanishes away, as if it were

Within my breast and awakens from the tomb

A mockery, the spectre of a flower.

I quell my struggling sight, and wear a smile,
But, ah! that smile, more eloquent than sight,
Tells of a broken heart.

Dost ever shine the gayest 'mid the gay,'
That loudest rings thy laugh in festive halls,

That is the dance, with lips all wreathed in smile Thou whispered love's delicious flatteries,

And if my name is spoken, a light sneer Is all thy comment. Yet, proud man, I knew Bencath thy hollow mask of recklesness

Thy conscious heart still beats as true to me As in thy happy eves long past. Ah! once,

Then, then I knew that theu in secresy

In nights at ill hour, when I went forth to weep

Hadst sought that spot, like me, to muse and weep

Convulse thy bosom, and thy hot tears fall Like burning rain. Oh 'twas thy hand that deal'

The blow to both our hearts. I well could bear.
My own fierce suffering, but thus to feel

Dost bear deep and voiceless agony.
Lies on my spirit, with the deep cold weight
Of death. I see the in my tortured dreams,
And ever with a smile upon thy lip.

But a keen arrow quivering deep within Thy throbbing, bleeding heart. Go, thou

My mournful form will stand, and when

The wreath of orange blomoms on her brow,

Life's sands are falling fast, the silver core

Is loosed and broken, and the golden how! Is shattered at the fount. My sun has set,

And dismal clouds hang o'er me; but afait I see the glorious realm of Paracise,

And by the cooling fountains, and beneath Its holy shades of palm, my soul will wash

Away its earthly string, and learn to dream Of heavenly joys. Farewell despite thy cele Desertion, I will leave my angel home,

Each gentle eve, at our own hour of tyret,

That I may learn in Herven, will charm a way All evil thoughts and passions from thy breast, And calm the raging tumult of my soul. MATTIE.

Girls .- Holmes, in one of his poems, says

--- "My grandpapa

Loved girls when he was young."

No doubt of it; for Holmes is a sensible man, and must have had a sensible grand fa-

ther. All sensible men love girls when they

are young, and when they are old too. (We

apply the "old" to the men not the girls-mind you.) Girlhood is an institution-a "pe-

culiar institution"-which as lovers of the

"union" we feel bound to cherish, and as to

the girls large and small, we bold that no gen-

tleman's family "is complete without them."

"With rosey cheeks, and merry dancing

Of little girls an American poet says-

And eyes of tender light,

O very beautiful are little girls, And goodly to the sight."

To hold my virgils e'er thy pilgrimage,

And with my spirit pinion I will fam Thy aching brow, and by a holy spall,

in a parenthetical way-

Another, but beside the nitar dark

Oh it will seem a fiery sempion coiled Wildly around thine own.

That thou, in all thy manhood's glorious strength

Per brightest memories. Thou art, like me.

In heart a mourner. In thy solitude, When mortal eyes behold thee not, wild sighs

My brow and check are very pale—Alas! There is no more a spirit fire within

drank
The wild o'ermastering tide of eloquence

Is love's and memory's.

Love will not, cannot perish in my heart— 'Twill linger there forever. Even now In our own dear, sweet sunset time, the hour

Of passions unforgotten tryst, I hush
The raging tumuit of my soni, and still
The fierce strife in my lonely breast where price
Is fiercely struggling for control. Each bue

THE DESERTED.

FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, AUGUST 6, 1853.

Encounter with a Lioness.

To those who regard the chase as a sport THERE are many who will read the in the usual acceptation of the term, the adetry-for it penetrates the heart, and causes ting expedition in South Africa, will occasion the "tear or sympathy" to flow. It is from astonishment, His preparation of wagons, oxen, horses, attendants, his provision and ammunition, seem rather intended for a warthe gifted pen of MATTIE, and is full of "music and nelancholy." We hope some of like invasion than an expedition affording the amusement to be anticipated from hunting. His encounters with the ferocious animals which inhabit interior Africa, remind us of and dragons of which we read in romance. Indeed, the war of Mr. Cumming against the lions, elephants, buffalo, river horses, giraffes, flight of the terrified hunter and the pursuit of the enraged "game."

> Suddenly I observed a number of vultures seated on the plain about a quarter of a mile ahead of us, and close beside them stood a huge lioness, consuming a blesbok which she had kiled. She was assisted in her repast by about a dozen jackals, which were feasting along with her in the most friendly and confidential manner. Directing my followers' attention to the spot, I remarked, 'I see the lion;' to which they replied, 'Whar? whar? Yah! Almagtig! dat is he;' and instally reining in their steeds and wheeling about, they pressed their heels to their horses' sides, and were preparing to betake themselves to flight I asked them what they were going to do. To which they answered, "We have not yet, placed caps on our rifles." This was true; but while that short conversation was passing the lioness had observed us. Raising her full, round face, she overhauled us for a few seconds, and then set off at a smart canter towards a range of mountains some miles to the northward; the whole troop of jackals also started off in another direction; there was, therefore, no time to think of caps. The first move was to bring her to bay, and not a second was to be lost. Spurring my good and lively steed, and shouting to my men to fol low, I flew across the plain, being fortunately mounted on Colesberg, the flower of my stud, I gained upon her at every stride. This was to me a joyful moment, and I at once made up my mind that she or I must die.

The lioness having had a long start of me,

we went over a considerable extent of ground before I came up with her. She was a large, full-grown beast, and the bare and level nature of the plain added to her imposing appearance. Finding that I gained upon her, she reduced her pace from a canter to a trot, carrying her tail stuck out behind her, and swe !! eda little to one side. I shouted loudly to her to halt, as I wished to speak with her, upon which she suddenly pulled up, and on her hunches like a dog, with her back toabout stood looking at me for a few seconds, moving her tail slowly from side to side, showing her teeth, and growling fiercely. She next made a short run forward, making a loud, grumbling noise, like thunder. This she did to intimidate me; but, finding that I did not flinch an inch, nor seem to heed her hostile demonstrations, she quietly streched out her massive arms and lay down on the grass. My Hottentots now coming up, we all three dismounted, and drawing our rifles from their holsters, we looked to see if the powder was up in the nipples, and put on our caps. While this was doing the lioness sat up, and showed evident symptoms of unensiness.-She looked first at us, and then behind her as if to see if the coast was clear; after which she made a short run toward us, uttering her senting only her full front. I had given Sto- whole scene quite a Venitian appearance: folus my Moore rifle, with orders to shoot but they were in a precious stew, their faces

I knelt on one side, and taking a steady aim | the Polynesian Islands. great confidence in my own shooting; but I Mr. Moll. must confess, when the whole affair was over I felt that it was a very awful situation, and attended with extreme peril, as I had no

And as to large girls-"big bouncing girls" friend with me on whom I could rely. When the lioness sprang on Colesberg, -what a pity it is that they must soon be stood out from the horses, ready with my sec-"women"-stately, matronly, queenly woman, ond barrel for the first chance she should give who are only not angels because they are not me of a clear shot. This she quickly did; for, -girls! -who, by the by, are not angels ei-

and she expired. At the moment I fired my second shot, Stofolus, who hardly knew whether he was alive or dead, allowed the following gem and acknowledge that it is po- ventures of Mr. Gordon Cumming, in his hun- three horses to escape. These galloped frantically across the plain, on which he and Kleinboy instantly started after them, leaving me standing alone and unarmed only a few paces of the lioness, which they, from their anxiety to be out of the way, evidently considered quite capable of doing further mis-

Such is ever the case with these worthies the terrible conflicts between armed knights and with nearly all the natives of South Afrien. No reliance can be placed in them. They will to a certainty forsake their master in the most dastardly manner in the hour of and jackals, possesses no one attribute of a peril, and leave him in the lurch. A stransimilar expedition against the insignficant animals of the American forest; and the very thoir own gallant adventures when sitting in use of the terms of venerie are so far reversed that the chase consists very frequently of the adored "Cape smoke" or native brandy, might fancy them to be the bravest of the brave, Having skinned the lioness and cut off her head, we placed her upon beauty and held for camp. Before we had proceeded a hun-dred yards from the carcass, upwards of sixty vultures, whom the lioness had often fed, were feasting on her remains.

> A correspondent writing from Texas gives us a couple of good stories, for the perfect truth of which he pledges his "sacred honor." "In the interior of the country," writes he "corn-breads form the staple article of diet; anything composed of wheat flour being about as scarce as ice-creams in Sahara. One of the citizens of those parts, not long since paid a visit to a relative in Galveston, who knowing the rarity of 'wheat fiixins' in his visitor's location, presented him with a genuine wheat biscuit, to be given to each of his children on his return.—The journey was long and the weather warm; so that before the good man had reached his home, the biscuits had become dry and hard .- The wonderful presents from 'Aunt Jane,' were in due time distributed to the tow-headed youngsters, and they ran off with them in high glee. Soon one o them made his appearance with a live coal

> blowing most vigorously. "That's the go, Jake," cried another, 'blow away; I'll be darned if the eritter don't poke his head out'n his shell afore long!" The youngsters, who had never seen a bis cuit before, thought that they were very

placed on the top of his biscuit, which he was

young terapins. "And now," contines our corespodent, "for

a snake story-all of which I saw and a part of which I was: "One night my wife and myself were awa-

kned by a noise from a shelf which contained our small store of crockery, followed by a crash which showed that a great portion of our cups and plates had been flung to the-floor. Spring ing up to discover the cause of this 'attack ward me, not even deigning to look round. She then appeared to say to herself, "Does this fellow know who he is after?" Having thus sat for half a minute, as if involved in thought, she sprang to her feet, and facing thought, she sprang to her feet, and facing the had not her the sattle than the provided in the sattle than the provided in thought, she sprang to her feet, and facing the had not her to get at the next, the sattle think they were going to roast an ox somewhat unpleasant fix.' He had crawled upon the shelf, attracted by a number of eggs that were scattered about. One of these he had not then sattle think they were going to roast an ox somewhat unpleasant fix.' He had crawled upon the shelf, attracted by a number of eggs that were scattered about. One of these he had swallowed, and he had not the had not the next, the had crawled upon the shelf, attracted by a number of eggs that were scattered about. One of these he had swallowed, and he had not the had not the sattle than the s upon China,' I found a large snake in a somehe had put his head, and a portion of his bo dy through the handle of a jug which hap pened to stand between him and the coveted delicacies. The handle was open enough to let the body, in its natural state, slip cleverly through; but not sufficient to let it pass when puffed out by the egg. In this position he had swallowed a second egg. His snakeship then found himself unable to advance or retreat; and floundering about to escape from this novel stocks, had caused the accident which had aroused us. I, of course, at once, proceeded to execute summary punishment upon the interloper; but the eggs which he had swal-lowed were a dead loss."

A Swimming Excunsion took place at the deep drawn murderous growls. Having se- Bathing establishment of Dr. Rob, at Hartford, wouldn't melt in her mouth; but she cut the up Broadway. The three men were well cured the three horses to one another by their on Wednesday. The Times there states that awfullest capers with the boys, and when she dressed and most respectable looking; but reins, we led them on as if we intended to about two thousand persons, male, and female, went away, I found that she had stolen Aunt their conduct was exceedingly strange. pass her, in the hope of obtaining a broadside. were present and that the river for a long dis-But this she carefully avoided to expose, pre- tance was filled with boats; giving to the

Seventeen swimmers entered the listsher if she should spring upon me, but on no nine Americans and eight Germans. Owing account to fire before me. Kleinboy was to to the late hour at which the bands of music stand ready to hand me my Purdy rifle, in arrived, the sport did not begin in time to in- the matter with you!" case the two-groved Dixon should not prove troduce the "floating supper tables," as had sufficient. My men as yet had been steady, been announced. The swimmers started from the Railroad Bridge, at the signal of the till be the death of me after all." having assumed a ghastly paleness, and I had | discharge of a pistol, and swam down to a point | a painful feeling that I could place no reliopposite the Bathing Establishment—distance has singled you out as the subject of so maaccount of an extraordinary case of somnolnearly a mile. They came down the river in my afflictions. But all's for the best," Now, then, for it; neck or nothing! She fine style, displaying a strength and grace of

ches long, almost laying bare the very bone. German citizens. The rest all came in in good man she's me." I was very cool and steady, and did not feel style having performed the long distance in a

> to Here is a most excellent burlesque upon the inflated style of composition now so very popular. Where common sense says

"He raised the foaming, sparkling beverage

THE AILING WOMAN. A mournful Account of her Ailing Family.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

Some people are always ailing. At any rate they think they are, and say so screwing up their mouths, and whining out their grievances, real or imaginary, as if they were animated with a strong compound tincture of the souls of Job and Jeremiah-lamentation and complaint, being the continual employment of their doleful tongues.

Mrs. Betsy Beeswax was one of this stamp I called on Betsy one day. I call her familiarly "Betsy," because she confided in me iar with herself and all her complaints-

It was a cold, sloppy winter's day. Beeswax was sitting close to the grate, in a large, old fashioned easy chair, almost as big as a chaise. She was bending forward with her shoulders hunched up, and her head nearly into the fireplace. "Ah, dear, is it you?" said she, as I enter-

ed, her ancient face wearing the usual lachrymose expression of hopeless misery.
"Yes ma'am," said I, "and how do you do to-day?"

cause of her depression of spirits. " No, no," she mouned, "it is'nt that, though the weather is bad enough to be sure. Ma-

ria has gone out without her rubbers, and of referring to him in cases of fractiousness. she'll be laid up next, I'm certain, and the -2. In the case of a child pertinaciously re-children they rush in, wet allower the house, fusing to go to sleep, give the examiner your. and whenever the door shuts it seems to say idea of the proper treatment, and whether creatures! rheumatiz!" "What is your principal complaint?"

"O, everything. The Doctor says he don't self and your charge do you introduce the body can. I'm dreadful figity and nervous —4. In the event of a youthful party making all the time, and then the children they make inquiries after its papa or mamma, do you apsuch a racket! Sometimes I think I've got prise it that the parent in question is gone to three or four pipes, and then I'll go and feed the hip complaint, and then I feel as if my Bobberty shooty to shave the monkeys, or the critters." lungs was out of order, then I have a twinge in the side, and then a shooting pain in the head, and then my eyes ache! And then shoes, and bran-silver-new-nothing to-put your hair stand on end, I know to see the your ship comes home, and what date do you a whit disposed to burry his enjoyment.

| goose flesh on me sometimes!" | assign to that feat in navigation?—6. Supgoose flesh on me sometimes!"

ferings and ventured the original idea that if that an infant cries because a pin is running she felt cold she had better try to keep warm.

"Ah! yes, dear; but the young folks will keep leaving the doors open! and then fuel upon the afflicted region?—7. Is it your opin"It's only the clock striking five!" said is so high, and you don't know what a mon- ion that any promise which will take a child Sally tremuously. strous draft there is in our chimneys. The quietly out of the room, or to bed, may conheat all goes up the chimnsy; and then I've got such extravagant help! They are the most extravagant help! They are the most extravagant help I ever see! You'd of castigation?—8. Do you recommend bribe think they were going to roast an ox some- or threat as the best means of preventing a times, to see the fires they build in the kitch- a child from telling its mamma that your cous-

"But won't they obey your directions? - ped to supper?"

"It's a dretful difficult thing to get good elp, dretful difficult. The first one I turned Boston Courier:away always burned the bread, without fail; the second was so lazy that she could hardly put one foot before the other, and the next ple approaching from the direction of John

had sich poor health that I had to keep doc - sion. Every body asked every body what tering her all the time, and when she ran meant this ludicrous display; but no one was away with the spoons,"

"What ingratitude." girl worse than she was. She had a sweet mouths, gave them some liquor, replaced the smooth face, and you'd thought butter bits, whipped up, and made his exit, passing with roses, a loaf of sugar and sugar tongs, firm countenance unto the end of their joura beautiful tortois shell snuff box, three new ney. I heard, subsequently, that the singupillar cases! O. ow!"

"Oh, dear, dear, deary me! A twinge right through the liver. I believe my liver

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Beewax, that Providence

vancing. We turned the horses' tails to her. the most adroit of the amphibious natives of subject to the new-ralogy, an old complaint and Herald condenses the statement as folof her's, George, he's ricketty; Sam the last lows: at her breast, let fly. The ball cracked loud- The party started, we believe, with no in- I saw of him before he went to the west, said Mr. B. is a full grown man of six feet two. ly on her tawny hide, and crippled her in the tention at a race, but the cheering and urging he knew he should die of fever and ague; and about thirty seven years of age, and fell shoulder, upon which she charged with an of the people in the boats drove them into a many she says she can't eat without its distinted his first deep sleep in June, 1848. and appalling roar, and in the twinkling of an eye trial of speed—and they dashed through the tressing her; and Laura's almost sure she's since that time has been awake at different she was in the midst of us. At this moment she water at a fast rate. We do not learn the going to have the scrofula; and then the two periods from a few hours to four months at stofelus's rifle exploded in his hand, and Klen-precise time made, but it must have been very children are complaining of the children all a time. The fit comes on instantly, his eyes boy, whom I had ordered to stand ready by good. Mr. Ulrich Molt, a German came in the time. As for me, I feed mostly upon close, jaws are set, muscles contract, and his me, danced about like a duck in a gale of ahead. He was followed next in order by a medicine; the more I take, the more it don't whole form, is rigid, so that when standing wind. The lioness sprang upon Colesberg, Yankee, whose name we did not learn. Jo- seem to do me any good. But I don't com- in this sleep-which he has done for days and fearfully lacerated his ribs and haunches seph R. Hawley, Esq., was third in the race plain. I never say a word to any body, for with her horrid teeth and claws; the worst having started behind several and passed I hate people that's complaining all the time.

Aston was at one time applied to his back, wound was on his haunch, which exhibited a many others. The forth best swimmer ap- But if ever there was an afflicted family and at another time cayence poper moistened eickning, yawning gash, more than twelve in- peared to be Hermann Macreeklin one of our this is one; and if there was an afflicted wo- with sqirits of turpentine was put into his

"No, no-he only gives me medicine." "What kind of medicine. "" "Pills."

"What kind of pills?" "What kind dear? Why massy sakes I nap. never asked him. I never studied medicine! "He drank a mug of ale," a-la-Lappard, has it: I don't want to know the names. My neigh

NUMBER 28.

the matter with me, and that I only complainthe matter with me, and that I only complained because I wanted to hear myself talk! ed him I wouldn't but didn't say nothin' avery account. But O!-O! what is it to be doors if there ain't no nails to tear your trow-

evidently from the breaking of crockery be- O, here comes Sally."

The beautiful maid de conded with a pleas

"Them careless hussies!" exclaimed Mrs.

Like a tigress she holted from the room the sweet interchange of vows and hopes, and the echoes of her loud shrill voice in the But the course of true love ran no smoother kitchen immediately after, and the screams of in Barberry's kitchen, than it does elsewhere, the servant girls, admonished me to make a and Joe, who was just making up his mind to precipitate departure.

Socrates in the Nursery [ Punch announces that:] -" One of the

ceive Probationers. Testimonials are to be sent in, and the candidates are to attend on an appointed day to undergo an examination. Mr. Punch greatly approves of the institution, and in order to further its objects, is happy "Oh, miserably! I am enjoying dreadful poor health. There is no telling how much I suffer. I ache all over and don't relish any recommends it not only to the attention of and, coroborating her words, the old clock those who may intend to become Probation- struck five, I suggested that the weather might be the ers, but to all who may be entrusted with the guardianship of his young friends the rising generation:-1. State your acquaintance with Bogy, and your oppinion as to the desirability "Hide me Sally!" "whosping cough! whoopling cough! brown an imitation goblin or Godfrey's cordial is, in he concealed himself in the case, and closed your judgment, the preferable soporific .- 3 the door. At what period of a difference between yourknow what he can do for me, and I know no-body can. I'm dreadful figity and nervous all the time and then the children they make in our property of the countries after its papa or mamma, do you and said he. "Well, I shall have time to smoke

assign to that feat in navigation?-6. Sup-I expressed a deep sympathy for her suf- posing there is reasonable ground for thinking in in the Life Guards came to tea and stop-

> LIFE IN NEW YORK .- We find the following in the New York correspondence of the

"Yesterday, while standing upon the steps clock again. of my hotel, I saw an immense crowd of pe ne set her impudent cap for Maria's first street, two gentlemen with bits in their mouths in left of it." and long twine reins attached, with another "And got him?"

"And got him?" sh-excuse me for the expression-that I and no driver of a chariot ever wore so earouldn't bear her in my sight; the next one nest a countenance as the 'whip' on this occaable to give a solution of the mystery. harnessed men were driven into the Astor "Worse than that dear. She sent another House bar, the driver took the bits out of their -a beautiful counterpane, covered all over and laughed at every step, they sustained a lar performance was the result of a bet. What "Good heavenns! Mrs. Beeswax, what's would the people of Boston think of three of their solid men in such a position ?"

## A Rip Van Winkle!

smashed its face, and racked its fair propor-tions. The current of air extinguished the The Rotchester Democrat gives a detailed as singled you out as the subject of so may afflictions. But all's for the best,"

"I don't want to be wicked, she replied
out I don't believe it is! There's Maria, she's
out I don't believe it is! There's Maria, she's is within sixty yards of us, and she keeps ad- action in the water that would have honored "but I don't believe it is! There's Maria, she's oual intervals or wakefulness. The Cleve- the same way which he entered.

mouth, but all experiments of physicians and "But can't you ascertain what your disease others to drive off this lethargy have been in the least degree nervous, having fortunately very short time, a prize will be presented to may be?" Don't your physician give you an fruitless. He tetains perfect health; pulse fruitless. He tetains perfect health; pulse Wheeling Tiwes, was made against a member 80, and without variation, takes but little of the bar in that place on Saturday. In tafood, which is given to him by prying open his jaws. When he awakes, it is suddenly

who are only not angels because they are not my stream of a clear shot. This she quickly did; for, seemingly satisfied with the revenge she had now taken, she quitted Colesberg, and, slewing mer tail to one side, trotted sulking past within a few paces of me, taking one step to the left, in the second the lines was a special tax my memory is a little line, as few paces of me, taking one step to the left in companied to his parched and fevered lips; he gulped it was to know the names. My neight to show the tax to know the names. My neight to show the few paces of the time the time with new through the did to know the names. My neight to show the few paces of the time the time with new through the time to know the names. My neight to show the names. My neigh to show the names. My neight to show the names and the situation of the recket, that nide on the middly. The name of the tricks of the fext, that nide on the middly. The name of the tricks of the fext, that nide on the middly. The name of the tricks of the fext, that nide on the middly. The n How to BE AGREEABLE. - A good story is told of

A Yankee Story.

[The funny columns in the English papers derive more of their "stuff for smiles" from the journals of this country, than from any other source. We find in one of them this ludierous anecdote of the "Bewitched Glock,"

which was quite new to us:]
About half past eleven o'clock on Sunday night, a human leg, enveloped in blue broad-cloth "might have been seen" entering Dea-con Cephas Barberry's kitchen wiedow. The leg was followed, finally, by Sunday-go-to-meetin'-clothes. It was, in short, Joe Mayweed who thus burglarously won his way

"Wonder how much the old deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his door again?" Once I took the broom-stick to him on the bout winders. Winders is just as good as ailing, ailing, all the time, and to have no comfort, and nothing to do you any good? I'm a poor feeble creetur!"

Crash—crash.—jingle—jingle—crash,—over somthin nuther, and wake the old folks. Crash-crash.-jingle-jingle-crash,- over somthin' nuther, and wake the old folks. was the sound that followed these words- Cold enough to freeze a Polish bear here.

ant smile, a tallow candle, and box of lucipher Becsway, in a rage, starting from her easy matches. After receiving a rapturous greetchair with a vigor and quickness quite extra-ordinary for an "invalid." ing, she made up a rousing fire in the cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father, shouting from his chamber door: - "Sally! What are you getting up in the middle of the night for?" "Tell him it's most morning," whispered

Training Schools for Nurses is ready to re- Jor. "I can't tell a fib!" said Saily.
"I'll make it a truth, then," said Joe; and,
running to the huge, old-fashioned clock that stood in the corner, he set it at five.

"Look at the clock, and tell me what time

The lovers sat down and again resumed their conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to creak. "Goody gracious! It's fa-

ther,"exclaimed Sally.
"The deacon! by thunder!" cried Joe

"Oh, I know," said he. "I'll squeze into the clock-case." And, without another word. The deacon was dressed, and sitting him-self down by the cooking stove, pulled out

"Hadn't you better feed the critters fust,

sir," suggested the doubtful Sally.
"No, smokin' clears my head, and wakes I'm so sensitive to the cold! It would make round-its-neck do you promise a child when me up:" replied the deacon, who seemed not went the clock.

"Tormented lightning!" cried the deacon,

Whiz! ding! ding! ding! went the clock furiously. "Powers of mercy!" cried the deacon.

"Striken' five! it's struck a hundred already." "Deacon Barberry?" cried the deacon's better half, who had hastily robed herself, and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm, "what is the matter with the clock?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man. "It's been in the family these hundred years, and never did I know it to carry on so afore. Whizz! ding! ding! went the

"It'll bust itself!" cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, "and there wont be noth-"It's bewitched!" said the deacon, who re-

superstition in his nature. "Any how," said he after a pause, advancing resolutely towards the clock, "I'll see what's got into it."
"Oh, don't" cried his daughter, seizing one

of his cont tails, while his wife clung to the other. "Don't!" chorused both women to-"Let go my raiment," shouted the old dea-"I ain't afcard of the powers of dark-

dencon slipped out of his coat, and while, from the sudden cessation of resistance, they full heavily on the floor, he darted forward, and laid his hand upon the clock-case. But no human power could open it. Joe was holding it inside with a death grasp. The old deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug. An unearthly yell, as of a fiend in distress, burst from the inside, and then the clock-case, pitched headformos at the deacon, fell headlong on the floor,

The next day Appleton was alive with the story of how Descon Barberry's clock had been bewitched, and though many believed his version, some, and especially Joe Mayweed, affected to disceedit the whole affair, hinting that the deacon had been trying the experi-ment of tasting frezen cider, and that the va-garies of the clock case existed only in a dis-

empered imagination. However, the interdict being taken off, Joe was allowed to resume his courting,' and won the consent of the old people to his anion with Sally, by repairing the old clock till it

La An amusing accusation, says the king depositions the opposite party became displeased, and boldly asserted that the counhis jaws. When he awakes, it is suddenly and with a voracious appetite, having no recollecion of what has transpired during his nap.

How to be Agreement — A good story is told of